

Fangs Of Jupiter Book 1: Shadows of men

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Summary: Vince W Dramen an agent of peace a title passed on from generation to generation. Some call him a horror beyond imagination and others call him a peace wielder sent down from god. All people know is the mark the family has left in the history of man. Anew establishment known as the royal family is made of 150 people who are representatives and govern chairs of each country.

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Book1 : Shadows Of Men

By: Tyler Clark

Prologue:

Vince W Dramen an agent of peace a title passed on from generation to generation. Some call him a horror beyond imagination and others call him a peace wielder sent down from god. All people know is the mark the family has left in the history of man. Anew establishment known as the royal family is made of 150 people who are representatives and govern chairs of each country. As of now the Royal family is made of many parts of the universe.

Chapter 1: Proper Killing

Madrid, Spain, 2,000 years ago.

A tall and clean cut man walks through the streets and hears shouts and some snarl psychopath or devil worshiper. Every time that word is spoken "psychopath" he can't help but grin. Then question mockingly do they know what it means to be a psychopath? A psychopath is a careless and destructive and messy killer with severe mental problems. Unlike others I am more of a shadow that lurks in every corner of death. A hired man of profession some may say. A profession

rare to man a profession to kill others without them knowing.

My home lays in secret unknown to the world with my wife Liz. I finished my morning walk and went down a hidden alley that can only be seen in the corner of a person's eyes. I reached a building with the number XI on it. I paused and smiled at the sign "Home of Liz and Brian Dramen. I walked into the building and was greeted by my ray of sunlight with a hug and smile.

"How was work honey?" asked Liz cheerfully.

"Turn on the news and you will see" I replied half cocky.

She never truly enjoyed my job. She always worried I would get caught or worst die. The T.V. broadcasted over our high end speakers stating "150 Members Of the Royal Family Found Dead Anarchy Runs Rampant."

Liz cocked an eyebrow "Impressive how did you do it?"

I grinned and teased her. "With a grape." She chuckled and I pulled the trophy out of my pocket. Liz stopped and gaped at the fact that I was not joking and held the grape in her hand.

"A grape" she repeated "One grape?"

"I poisoned the entire vineyard with a odorless and highly poisonous substance that was mixed with water." That was the easy part hijacking their water supplies in order to perform such a devious task. The hard part was blending in which took him months to do since he was neither spanish and he did not know anything about the security.

The T.V. headline spoke to me with great enjoyment. The Vineyard Massacre a suiting title for my greatest achievement. I carefully placed the grape in a glass cube and placed the trophy in the trophy hall. Memories came flooding back to when as I read some of the signs. Some of the best trophies were The Silver Needle and the biggest cold case ever The Frozen Stabber. The title was a joke to but it was amazing that I killed 30 people with only icicles. Now the greatest achievement glowed brightly and placed it in the center of the two other trophies. Then framed the letter above the trophies and sighed at the damage that was caused.

Chapter 2: A Bullet for One

20,500 AD London

The two brothers Yakko and Yen both contracted assassins and hitmen. A deep yawn came over Yakko as he opened the unknown letter. He leaned back in his chair and threaded his hands through his black hair and pushed his glasses up. Carefully he examined the stamp that was sealed over the letter. The symbol was a small orb with a ring circling around the orb and two pair of fangs biting down. The mark of the Fangs Of Jupiter. His brother Yen was on the couch playing some violent gun game.

"Yen" Yako called out. "Come look at this."

"In a minute" barked Yen.

"This is important."

"Damnit it you made me die." Shouted Yen. "This better be important."

Yen swiped the paper from his brother's grasp and began reading "Dear Dramen family we will like to notify you of a very important task." Curious now Yen kept reading "The president of Aura Energy has been convicted of the following crimes. Rape, murder, drug dealing, and terrorist threats against the security of earth and space. We need you to take this man out and remember No one knows Where we are or Who we are or What we are. Sincerely FOJ."

Yen flipped the paper over and back to see if there was something missing. This complicated things they did not know what race this man was and they did not get a description or layout of the buildings security. The only people with this information is the Fangs Of Jupiter. Yakko began searching through old files and books to find any information. Yen turned to their computer and began searching the Exon Index. It was amazing how much technology has advanced. If it was not for the Wiltson World Wormhole corporation Earth would have remained home to only humans but now all those tales and dreams of having other forms of life in space is a reality. Hours have passed and nothing appeared and then it hit him. Yakko went digging for the buried letter and turned to the article he was reading. He wrote down the words who what and where from the letter. He dropped his pen and looked at the screen pondering at his stupidity when the answer was in front of him the whole time.

Chapter 3: Family Tree

The Royal Family gathered around the colossal monument given to them by the peaceful race known as the Devorian. The Devorian people looked a lot like humans but much taller and their ears were more like slits in the back of their head. They also did not breathe oxygen they actually absorbed which then was chemically changed in their body. After anarchy plagued Earth a member of each country was elected into the Royal Family. For centuries war was kept in the schools history books and all diseases expunged from existence.

A tall slim man stood up and adjusted his jaw before he spoke. "We the people of the Royal Family have just received word from our peaceful brothers that a new species of intelligence has began to colonize in our system. We do not know the origin or the meaning as to why they want to colonize here but we do fear the day has come to go to war in order to protect our valuable planet."

The slim man known as Nox sat back down and Bahsid leaned over and spoke softly. "We understand the issue that has risen that's why we have taken it upon ourselves to take care of the situation."

Bahsid was a careful man and showed little emotion. His forehead was like a slate of granite clean and smooth. He always wore a red and black suit that had no wrinkles. His skin was a nice olive and his hair was a nice brown which complimented his hazel eyes.

Bahsid stood up and spoke loudly. "I am Bahsid head service of the secret agency division FOJ. As you all are aware the FOJ agency will make sure this situation is dealt with. First we have organized a

team of private assassins and mercenaries to help deal with matters. As many of you know we declare that all last names and images remain confidential due to the protection of their identity. We choose to pick the Night Brothers to aid us in battle."

Many of the family did not agree with the FOJ decisions but in the end they always got things done.

Yakko walked up to his sleeping brother and woke him up. "I figured out where to find FOJ" Yakko exclaimed.

With a moan and stretch Yen tuned in to what his brother had to say.

"You would not believe this but FOJ is actually located at the Wiltson World Wormhole Corporation." Yakko said cheerfully.

The tall structure shadowed over Tokyo, Japan. Yen walked in and was greeted by a receptionist

"How can I help you two gentlemen today?" questioned the sharp and slender man.

"I hope so" grunted Yakko.

"How about you show us to the head of the building?" Smirked Yen.

"Excuse me but you need an appointment in order to see.." The man did not get to finish as Yakko reached in and snagged his shirt.

"I do not want to repeat myself" he said as a small blade flickered in the light slowly, getting closer to the man's chest. "What floor is Mr. Wiltson located?"

"8th floor first door on the right." The man slouched back in his chair as the blade came back to Yakko's hand.

"Nice suit Mr. Brent" Yen patted him off and cautiously strutted back towards the elevator.

The elevator opened with a nice swoosh and closed sealing the oxygen inside. It was weird having elevators be so silent. After some major incidents with the startling noise of dings and beeps, the elevator company made sure the elevators were silent so no one could have a heart attack or be disturbed in any living areas. Yakko began counting the numbers 5, 6, 7, and 8. The door slid open and the two brothers stepped out. As they entered the first room two men tried to pin them but ended up bathing in their own blood from the hidden blade in Yakko's sleeve.

End
file.